



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Balkam · Discourse of Samuel Pickard ·

1872

US
11486
7

US 11486.7



HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY

Memorial History.

SAMUEL BICKARD.



A
DISCOURSE
OF
SAMUEL PICKARD,
PREACHED IN THE
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, AUBURN,
NOVEMBER 11, 1872,
BY REV. U. BALKAM.

PORTLAND:
TRANSCRIPT PRINT.
1872.

US 11786.7
✓

SAMUEL PICKARD.

"The path of the just is as the shining light."

BY EDWARD P. WESTON.

No shining path by Israel's just men trod
Hath opened clearer to the perfect day,
Than his, who from this presence walks with God;
While tearful eyes the silent form survey,
And all our hearts with deepest reverence say,
"This is the man the people knew—to trust,—
The orphan's guardian and the widow's stay;"
And when we lay the patriarch's form in dust,
The monument we rear above shall be—THE JUST.

Nor less the depths of tenderness and truth,
Which from his great heart like a fountain welled;
With a broad sympathy for age and youth
His hand outstretched with generous aid he held,
Nor honest poverty with scorn repelled.
Stern in the right he stood by mercy's side,
And never from the better cause withheld
Or face or favor, but with Christian pride
Lived for God's noblest truth, and in its glory died!
Lake Forest, Ill.



Greendef Whitten Pickard

W

SERMON.

"He being dead yet speaketh."—PAUL.

The life of no individual is altogether a private interest. It has given and partaken of that which is social and public, and the social community have reciprocal rights.

The civilized portions of our race, at least, have never been willing to let good and great examples pass away unnoticed. And history has written no more beautiful passages, eloquence and poetry have indulged in no finer strains, than when holding up some well rounded life of high aims and wise endeavors for the admiration and imitation of mankind.

I wish to speak of SAMUEL PICKARD, not to eulogize him, but to honor God, and for our learning and profit. In this attempt I shall only be gathering up the impressions of others—to give them unity of utterance.

There is a peculiar fitness that some one should do this, for as his life was a singularly unselfish one—lived with a most thoughtful care to the good of others, it is surely fit that we should speak of him with the same intent that inspired his whole character, and perhaps add another wave to its influence. He was an uncommon man. There have been few like him. Few who have filled so well such a niche of varied usefulness. There have been many who were more conspicuous, but very few, who according to their

gifts and means have better fulfilled the true mission of life. Many things conspired to this.

We must deem him to have been fortunate in his physical nature. He held out nearly fourscore years, and with more attention to business than most men who live so long, are able to give. Where are the men who for the stretch of forty years, the period of his life in this community, have given to business more of abstract attention and condensed thought? He was not without his physical infirmities; was never given to great stir and outward activities; in military affairs would have been wiser to plan a great campaign than active to execute it; but the man who could bring so much of clear, compensating vigor to business, down to the very end of almost eighty years, as Mr. Pickard is known to have done, we must think to have been well endowed bodily, and so to have reaped the benefits of long life. "For length of days, and long life, and peace," were given him emphatically to enjoy.

He was fortunate in his mental nature, especially for a man of business. He had great practical insight and comprehension. Was quick and clear and retentive. Could do a great amount of business in a short time, and do it well. In early life was distinguished for his aptness in figures, and is understood to have rendered important service to Greenleaf in the preparation of the latter's arithmetical and other mathematical works. His skill in these things he carried into business and retained with unabated force to the last. Business men speak of him as a great mathematician. In all questions of financiering, banking and railroading, they think he had few equals, and hardly a superior. For inward clearness his eye left you undeceived, and the contour of his face for decision and grasp. In business circles as in every other, he was noiseless but bold. It is not likely that he ever knew one pulsation of ambition to do a bold thing, but unconsciously he did bold things; met junctures when "men's hearts were failing them for

fear," with unconscious strength. Assumed for himself great financial responsibility, and in some pinches of commercial depression, illustrated powers which, in a wider circle, on a more conspicuous theatre, could not have failed to win public attention and fame. We seldom think that wisdom or greatness dwells very near us and look abroad for it. So undemonstrative was Mr. Pickard that he was but imperfectly known where he had lived so long. It was only as I sat down to arrange some thoughts for his funeral that I saw how much was to be said of him, and how inadequately, I had known him. Like so many able men he was not a man of words, and courted seclusion. Though he was deeply interested in and gave largely to great philanthropies of the age, he was seldom or never seen upon public boards. He fed the springs but had not much to do with the gearing of public charities. Had he ventured upon public life he might have risen to high place, while his eminent clearness and strength of judgment could not have failed to give him commanding influence. He was not brilliant, and it is time to drop the idea that talk and brilliancy are essential to greatness. Can we not point to names that shine bright in all our national firmament, that were never known as stars, at least in their day. They have gathered brightness with time. Time has deepened the sense of their worth. And now we view them radiant, with the appreciation which to-day throws back upon them. They travel up the heavens and grow resplendent with the progress of time.

He was fortunate in his moral nature. His vision was clear and he was true to whatever he saw. Men may tower in intellectual strength and be narrow. It is only a strong moral nature that can send the mind out into all the breadths and reaches of our relations and duties, "intellectual gifts are like gifts of strength, or wealth, or rank, or worldly power,—splendid instruments if nobly used, but requiring qualities to use them nobler and better than themselves." It was in these "nobler and better qualities" that he was altogether

pre-eminent. If our friend did not tower like many, few have been so broadly based. His conscience was kingly, and who ever doubted his allegiance to it, the reliableness of his word, or the firmness of his position when once he had taken it? Men valued his power to weigh actions and balance antagonistic claims. He had such clearness of mental and such justness of moral conception that they felt their interests to be safe in his hands. And they often carried their perplexed affairs to him. Neighbors referred their disagreements to him. The courts were fond of appointing him an umpire. Bereft families sought him as administrator, counsellor and friend. He was such a magnet of integrity and discernment that tangled affairs gravitated toward him, and he subtracted a great deal of time from demands of his own business to settle the complications of others. It was utterly foreign to his own thoughts, but may not we think and say for him—"he delivered the poor that cried and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him." "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him; and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy." "He put on righteousness and it clothed him; his judgment was a robe and a diadem." "He was a father to the poor and the cause which he knew not he searched out."

As a friend of free soil and free men, or in any of his convictions of right, what difference did it make to him, how many were with him or against him? he went not for the success of numbers but the triumph of right. Horace Mann has finely said, "We want no men who will change like the vanes of our steeples, with the course of the popular wind; but we want men who, like mountains, will change the course of the wind." For firmness our brother was a mountain. He might change the winds, the winds could not change him. But though his vision was so clear and his decision so firm, who ever heard of his dealing hardly with others for difference of opinion? His nature was broad. He was catholic. If

he drove boldly his own chariot, and gathering up the reins into his own hand commanded his steeds at will, he allowed every other man the right of way, and gave the humblest his part of the road. The mountain will allow all winds to play at its base, upon its sides, and over its summit without protest, and so could he abide in his own stability, and allow the currents of contrary opinion to circulate without proscription about him.

But he was not merely conscientious, a just and upright man, he was much more ; a generous man. He gave away according to his means and beyond his means large sums of money in single donations, and continuously for many years. His generosity was not confined to a few forms or lines of giving, he gave always and in many directions. Apart from religious and educational charities he was always dispensing to something or to somebody. He was in the habit of assisting men in business, often to his cost, yet not inconsiderately, but where he thought an honest man needed help, and with help might escape from his embarrassment. His sympathies were marvelously with the weak and with those who were laboring at a disadvantage. Nothing could tempt him to avail himself of a man's misfortune and enrich himself at another's expense. All through life he may be said to have had a singular proclivity to take sides against himself and be ever waiving his own rights. He did a great deal of service for many years for the merest nominal compensation, and much, very much without requital at all. It need not be concealed that in these things and in some of his gifts, some will think he fell into the faults of a too generous nature. And yet even such will admit how pleasant it is to have one man lifted so high above the common level of human minds and ways. If Mr. Pickard exceeded his duty it was where most come short. It was part of his mission in the midst of worldly opportunities and successes to stand out an unworldly man. In the review of life, knowing how many tens of thousands he had given

away, he felt that what he had given was well invested. With no ambition to have his name blazoned as a philanthropist, it gave him pleasure to be his own executor.

He had always an eye to the general good of the community and of the State. When the water privileges of this place were taken up it is probable he might have prevented the whole design; but he drove no tight bargains, and erred, if at all, as was his wont, upon the side of generosity. He sold his own lands in Lewiston at cost, and gave his great influence with others to sell theirs on the most reasonable terms,—to insure at once the laying of these solid foundations, and uprising of these grand superstructures, and whirling of these multiplying thousands of spindles. He believed that what was best for one part of this community was good for the whole; that both sides and each part of both sides of the river were bound together in a common interest. He was infinitely above the small ambition of sacrificing the interests of men in Boston to interests here. Of course he could not have been less averse to sacrificing home interests to theirs.

Always a business man devoted to the calls of business, it is remarkable how much he gave to education. It will surprise some, I think, when they consider how many young persons of this vicinity have received the advantages of a liberal education. How many young women have been fitted here for high position, and how many of both sexes have laid the foundations here of distinguished usefulness in some of the walks of life. The number seems remarkable of those who, not unlikely, would never have entered upon study but for encouragements and opportunities of which Mr. Pickard was the author and sustainer. In this regard his life was a fountain of influence. Living streams flow out from it into all the world to-day. Into this cause he threw his most ardent sympathies, his time, his money, and required his boys to assist as teachers without compensation to help on the work. In a time of no mental

awakening or excitement as to any thing, he "raised up the foundations of many generations." "Established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel, that they should make them known to their children; that they might set their hope in God and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments." I should not leave the impression that his efforts were confined to the Academy in Auburn, they embraced the college and school of Theology. He was a patron of Bangor, and one of his last thoughts looked to the establishment of a Professorship in Bowdoin. In so many ways, in so many diverging, far-reaching streams, in his own denomination and beyond it, in his own church and outside of it, did he illustrate the breadth of his nature.

If ever a man did good to his cost it was he, but it was his habit to be useful when he could be as well as not, to speak a kind word, to do a kind act that would cost him nothing; a sphere of usefulness within the reach of all, but how much overlooked and neglected.

"A little word in kindness spoken,
 "A motion or a tear,
 "Has often healed the heart that's broken,
 "And made a friend sincere."

He was a courteous man. It is a circumstance that has floated across the sea, that when the Duke of Wellington was dying the last thing he took was a cup of tea. When his servant handed it to him and asked him if he would like to take it, he replied,—“Yes, if you please.” These were the last words he uttered—“if you please.” The world has emphasized this courtesy, for men appreciate other acts than those of justice and mercy. Gentle words, like little stones in a great wall, so necessary to completeness of the work, do add, let us remind each other, smoothness and comfort to life amid so much that is inevitably rough and rugged. It was in the spirit of a similar benediction, for courtesies are almost benedictions, that our brother said as *his* last word—“Lift me up, Edward and John, once more—it is the last time.”

He was in nothing a negative man. He was not opinionated. But his well defined views he knew how to express courteously, and it was the more appreciated because of the general affirmativeness of his character. He loved the fitnesses of things and was not slow to protest when they were offended. Years ago being a juror in court a rumseller was put upon his trial. A witness of great distinction in the State was called and proceeded to give the results of much reading and reflection on the uses of stimulants, rather than testimony relating to the case. Mr. Pickard, impatient of an harangue which the Court had forborne to interrupt, put an end to it by asking—"Please your Honor, is that testimony?" It was applying the proverb—"answer a fool according to his folly."

He did not fear to probe searchingly where he suspected dishonesty, and sometimes made a man of lofty port flee before the point of his questions.

He might have been taken for a stern man, so uncompromising was he when questions of right and duty lay in his path. But he was a sunny man. The light of smiles played upon his brow. The law of kindness was in his heart and it dwelt upon his lips. He looked benignantly. He loved wit and could do his part in joke and repartee. Portly in person, he was in all respects a well rounded man. Take him all in all we do but seldom look upon his like. Says one, "I was wont to look on him as one of the few remaining types of the Christian gentleman of the old time."

For Mr. Pickard was a Christian; undemonstrative as in every thing, but not failing for many years to let the world know where he stood. In the earlier years of his life perhaps his piety was legal rather than Christian, an endeavor after obedience to his conscience more than a surrender of himself to the impulses of faith and love. In those earlier years he walked before God in blameless fear and was a priest in his own house. But God had something better for him. There came a time when he with others

received an unusual baptism of the Spirit and of Love. It was then, about thirty-four years ago, that he made public confession of his faith, and brought with him some of his children to the altar of baptismal consecration. In this act both for himself and them he took great satisfaction. It seemed to him his duty and he found sweet reward. Although uncommonly steady upon the even tenor of his way, maintaining a hidden life with God, and walking in all the customs of the church, he was not without times of personal reviving. Especially was it so in the great religious reviving of 1858. He was living in Portland at the time,* and had opportunity of attending the numerous meetings that sprang out of the all-pervading interest. He was exceedingly renewed in spirit. His friends have remarked that never before nor afterwards, was he so dispossessed of his characteristic nature that Christ might fill a larger place and live in him.

He was not a perfect man, and yet his life was so blameless that if any might build on their excellence, then might he. But he confessed to deficiencies and redundancies and with all his heart took himself off from every ground of justification by his own deeds, and pleaded for acceptance with God by faith in the mediation of Jesus Christ. As a last testimony he said to a near friend,—“My trust is in Christ—I hope yours is.” At another time he said,—“There is room in heaven for us all.”

While for many months consciously nearing “a better country,” he was evidently partaking more and more of its spirit and longing to be there.

I need not stay to detail what such a Christian man was to his own church and parish and minister; how they valued his counsel, his example, his sympathy, his generosity. You know it all. Neither need I enter the sanctuary of his home, to attempt to tell

* He had a temporary residence there two or three years.

what a husband and father and friend he was there. One thing we know, that the wife who bore such noble partnership in his life for forty years, with his sons and daughters will, with every returning sun weave fresh wreaths of reverence, and affection, and lay them every day upon his brow, as memory shall preserve it freshly in their hearts forever. The place which he filled in this society was unique, and it is not likely such a man will ever live among you again. Whatever faults he had, it is no part of my object to display them. I wished to hold up to your attention excellencies that threw a radiance about his whole character. I wished to show how the influence of his life was to be ever toning up the downward tendencies of society—as the tuner goes into a great organ and tones up all its flattened notes to a higher key and better harmony.

I mean not to say that all men should be just like Mr. Pickard, his gifts did not answer to all the demands of society, but it were grand to have one such soul in any community once in a century.* His was such a life as redeems human nature from a thousand things that dishonor it; redeems it from narrowness; from the bigotry of sects; from the debasement of selfishness; from boorishness and rudeness of bad manners; from ambition of ephemeral notoriety; from sordid disbelief in the right, and raises up human nature to the dignity of calm trust in the ultimate rewards of duty; contemplates life as an everlasting interest; perishable and yet enduring. Our brother was not a man of much speech, but he was full of deeds, and being dead he yet speaketh—for many generations will continue to speak: will live in his influence when his name perchance is forgotten. For he has inserted his influence in many souls, and it will flow on and on by many channels. Such a man has an immortality of influence. His name may be erased from

* Writes a learned friend,—“I have long regarded him as one of those elect spirits that are sent into the world from time to time to bless it by their work and example, and to show what human nature, under the influence of divine grace, is capable of becoming.”

the tablets of time; none of your monuments may contain it; those stones with it may crumble into dust, while *it* lives and tells more and more upon human immortal destinies. Being dead he yet speaketh and will speak in multiplying circles evermore.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

SAMUEL PICKARD was born at Rowley, Mass., March 9, 1793, and died at Auburn, Maine, November 2, 1872. His ancestors was among the earliest settlers of the ancient town of Rowley. The family name is of French origin, being traced in English records as coming from Picardy, in France. John Pickard, the first of the family who came to this country, was one of the company who came over with Rev. Ezekiel Rogers in 1638, and settled at Rowley in 1639. The town was named from Rowley, in Yorkshire, England, where Mr. Rogers had served as Rector. John Pickard seems to have been a member of the family of Mr. Rogers, and was a youth of sixteen when he came to this country. His father was Rev. Henry Pickard, the predecessor of Ezekiel Rogers in the rectory of Rowley, England. John Pickard died in 1683 having nine children. His son Samuel married Elizabeth Hale in 1685; their son Joseph was born in 1700, and married Sarah Jewett, whose son, Jeremiah, married Mehitable Dresser in 1773.

The subject of this sketch was the eighth child of Jeremiah and Mehitable, and was born in the ancient family mansion erected by his ancestors and still standing, an interesting relic of the past, in the village of Rowley. While he was yet a child his father removed to Canterbury, N. H. At the age of eighteen he returned to Massachusetts to secure the better educational advantages there to be obtained, and settled in Rowley, where he soon became known as a popular and successful teacher. In 1823 he married Sarah Coffin, a sister of Joshua Coffin, the antiquarian and historian of Newbury. For several years he represented the town of Rowley in the General Court, and his influence was especially felt in moulding the legislation which affected the educational interests of the State. His first wife died in 1831, and the next year he removed to Lewiston, Maine. His second wife was Hannah Little, daughter of the late Edward Little, Esq., of Auburn, who survives him. He went into business in Lewiston, and in 1834 was elected President of the Lewiston

Falls Manufacturing Company. A few years after he was made Treasurer of the Company, a position he held to the time of his death. In 1842 he was appointed Register of Bankruptcy, and continued in that office until the repeal of the law.

To his public spirit was largely due the selection of Lewiston by Boston capitalists as the site of a great manufacturing city. He owned the farm on which are now located some of the largest mills of Lewiston, and he sold it to the Boston Company for precisely the price he paid for it years before, and by his example and advice encouraged others to the same self sacrifice to secure the benefits now being reaped from their action by that whole community. For all the public enterprises and charities of the cities of Lewiston and Auburn he gave the aid of his purse, and his private charities were very numerous. He was an efficient promoter of some of the leading railroad enterprises of the State, and was for a time a member of the Board of Directors of the Maine Central Railroad. Throughout his life the cause of education claimed a large share of his thought. He held positions in the Boards of Trustees of the Lewiston Falls Academy, and of the Bangor Theological Seminary ; also in the Board of Overseers of Bowdoin College. He was one of the earliest workers in the Temperance reform, and in the Anti-Slavery cause. Every good work in the church and in the community found in him a cordial and efficient helper. The widow and the fatherless looked to him for counsel and guardianship, never in vain.

He leaves a widow and eight children. Five of his children passed away before him. Four of his children were by his first wife. The following is the complete list :—Josiah Little, Superintendent of the Schools of Chicago ; Joseph Coffin, Principal of the High School of Milwaukee ; Samuel Thomas, one of the proprietors of the Portland Transcript ; Daniel Webster, formerly Pastor of the Congregational Church at Groveland, Mass., who died in 1860 ; Sarah Little, wife of Hon. P. F. Sanborn, Hallowell ; Edward Little, a merchant in Boston ; Charles Weston, one of the proprietors of the Portland Transcript ; George Henry, who died in 1853, while studying for the ministry ; John, a shoe manufacturer in Auburn ; Horace Chapin, who died in 1868 ; Frederick William, who died in infancy ; Hannah Brown, who died in 1865 ; Mary Little Hale, wife of Woodbury K. Dana, of Saccarappa.





